



# The Third Degree

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE

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**SYNOPSIS.**

Howard Jeffries, broker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, a fellow student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a banker who died in prison, and is deceived by his father. He loses his job and falls. A former college classmate makes a business proposition to Howard, which involves \$250,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who has been requested by Howard's wife, Annie, to his father's home, and had once been engaged to Annie, Howard's stepmother, has arranged to marry her. Underwood, taking advantage of his military with Mrs. Jeffries, becomes a sort of social highwayman. He converts his true character into a disguise and the honest Annie receives a note from Underwood, threatening to expose her. He declares for whom he has been acting as a commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard Jeffries calls in an interested condition. He asks Underwood for \$250,000 and is told by the latter that he is to debt up to his eyes. Howard breaks himself into a trading condition, and goes to sleep on a sofa. A robber is engaged and Underwood drives a motor around the Graham shop. Annie enters. She demands a promise from him that he will not take his life, according to the divorce that would attach to herself. Underwood refuses to promise unless she will remove her person from the house. He tells her that he will kill himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He struggles over the door of Underwood. Hearing his predicament he attempts to see and is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree.

## CHAPTER X—Continued.

Annie sat timidly on a chair in the background and the captain turned again to the doctor.

"What's that you were saying, doctor?"

"You tell me the man confessed?"

Crossing the room to where Howard sat, Dr. Bernstein looked closely at him. Apparently the prisoner was asleep. His eyes were closed and his head drooped forward on his chest. He was gladly pale.

The captain grimaced.

"Yes, sir, confessed—in the presence of three witnesses. Eh, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," replied Maloney.

"You heard him, too, didn't you, Delaney?"

"Yes, captain."

Squaring his huge shoulders, the captain said with a self-satisfied chuckle:

"It took us five hours to get him to own up, but we got it out of him at last."

The doctor was still busy with his examination.

"He seems to be asleep. Worn out. I guess. Five hours, yes—that's your method, captain." Shaking his head, he went on: "I don't believe in these all-night examinations and your 'third degree' mental torture. It is barbarous. When a man is nervous and frightened his brain gets so numb that at the end of two or three hours' questioning on the same subject that he's liable to say anything, or even believe anything. Of course, you know, captain, that after a certain time the law of suggestion commences to operate and—"

The captain turned to his sergeant and laughed:

"The law of suggestion? Ha, ha! That's a good one! You know, doctor, them theories of yours make a bit with college students and amateur professors, but they don't go with us. You can't make a man say 'yes' when he wants to say 'no.'"

Dr. Bernstein smiled.

"I don't agree with you," he said. "You can make him say anything, or believe anything—or do anything if he is unable to resist your will."

The captain burst into a hearty peal of laughter.

"Ha, ha! What's the use of children? We've got him to rights. I tell you, doctor, no newspaper can say that my precinct ain't cleaned up. My record is a hundred convictions to one acquittal. I catch 'em with the goods when I go after 'em!"

A faint smile hovered about the doctor's face.

"I know your reputation," he said sarcastically.

The captain thought the doctor was flustering him, so he rubbed his hands with satisfaction, as he replied:

"That's right. I'm after results. None of them Payche theories for me!" Striding over to the armchair where sat Howard, he laid a rough hand on his shoulder.

"Hey, Jeffries, wake up!"

Howard opened his eyes and stared stupidly about him. The captain took him by the collar of his coat.

"Come—stand up! Brace up now!" Turning to Sergeant Maloney, he added, "Take him over to the station. Write out that confession and make him sign it before breakfast. I'll be right over."

Howard struggled to his feet and Maloney helped him arrange his collar and tie. Officer Delaney clapped his hat on his head. Dr. Bernstein turned to go.

"Good-morning, captain. I'll make out my report."

"Good-morning, doctor."

Dr. Bernstein disappeared and Capt.

"Sitting There Crying Your Eyes Out Won't Do Him Any Good."

Clinton turned to look at Annie, who had been waiting patiently in the background. Her anguish on seeing Howard's condition was unspeakable. It was only with difficulty that she restrained herself from crying out and rushing to his side. But these stern, uniformed men intimidated her. It seemed to her that Howard was on trial—a prisoner—perhaps his life was in danger. What could he have done? Of course, he was innocent, whatever the charge was. He wouldn't harm a fly. She was sure of that. But every one looked so grave, and there was a big crowd gathered in front of the hotel when she came up. She thought she had heard the terrible word "murder," but surely there was some mistake. Seeing Capt. Clinton turn in her direction, she darted eagerly forward.

"May I speak to him, sir? He is my husband."

"Not just now," replied the captain, not unkindly. "It's against the rules. Wait till we get him to the Tombs. You can see him all you want there."

Annie's heart sank. Could she have heard aright?

"The Tombs!" she faltered. "Is the charge so serious?"

"Murder—that's all!" replied the captain laconically.

Annie nearly swooned. Had she not caught the back of a chair she would have fallen.

The captain turned to Maloney and, in a low tone, said:

"Quick! Get him over to the station. We don't want any family scenes here."

Magnated to Officer Delaney and escorted on the other side by Maloney, Howard made his way toward the door. Just as he reached it he caught sight of his wife who, with tears streaming down her cheeks, was watching him as if in a dream. To her it seemed like some hideous nightmare from which both would soon awaken. Howard recognized her, yet seemed too dazed to wonder how she came there. He simply hurried out as he passed.

"Something's happened, Annie, dear. I—Underwood—I don't quite know—"

The policemen pushed him through the door, which closed behind him.

## CHAPTER XI.

Unable to control herself any longer, Annie broke down completely and burst into tears. When the door opened and she saw her husband led away, pale and trembling, between those two burly policemen, it was as if all she cared for on earth had gone out of her life forever. Capt. Clinton laid his hand gently on her shoulder. With more sympathy in his face than was his custom to display, he said:

"Now, little woman—ain't no kind of use carrying on like that! If you want to help your husband and get him out of his trouble you want to get busy. Sitting there crying your eyes out won't do him any good."

Annie threw up her head. Her eyes were red, but they were dry now. Her face was set and determined. The captain was right. Only foolish women weep and wall when misfortune knocks at their door. The right sort of women go bravely out and make a fight for liberty and honor. Howard was innocent. She was convinced of

that, no matter how black things looked against him. She would not leave a stone unturned till she had regained for him his liberty. With renewed hope in her heart and resolution in her face, she turned to confront the captain.

"What has he done?" she demanded.

"Killed his friend, Robert Underwood."

He watched her face closely to see what effect his words would have on her.

"Robert Underwood dead?" exclaimed Annie with more surprise than emotion.

"Yes," said the captain sternly, "and your husband, Howard Jeffries, killed him."

"That's not true! I'd never believe that," said Annie promptly.

"He's made a full confession," went on the captain.

"A confession!" she echoed breathlessly. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Your husband has made a full confession in the presence of witnesses, that he came here to Underwood's rooms to ask for money. They quarreled. Your husband drew a pistol and shot him. He has signed a confession which will be presented to the magistrate this morning."

Annie looked staggered for a moment, but her faith in her husband was unshakable. Almost hysterically she cried:

"I don't believe it. I don't believe it. You may have tortured him into signing something. Everybody knows your methods, Capt. Clinton. But thank God there is a law in the United States which protects the innocent as well as punishes the guilty. I shall get the most able lawyers to defend him even if I have to sell myself into slavery for the rest of my life."

"Bravo, little woman!" said the captain mockingly. "That's the way to talk. I like your spunk, but before you go I'd like to ask you a few questions. Sit down."

He waved her to a chair and he sat opposite her.

"Now, Mrs. Jeffries," he began encouragingly, "tell me—did you ever hear your husband threaten Howard Underwood?"

By this time Annie had recovered her self-possession. She knew that the best way to help Howard was to keep cool and to say nothing which was likely to injure his cause. Boldly, therefore, she answered:

"You've no right to ask me that question."

The captain shifted uneasily in his seat. He knew she was within her legal right. He couldn't bully her into saying anything that would incriminate her husband.

"I merely thought you would like to assist the authorities, to—"

he stammered awkwardly.

"To convict my husband," she said calmly. "Thank you, I understand your position."

"You can't do him very much harm, you know," said the captain with affected jocularity. "He has confessed to the shooting."

"I don't believe it," she said emphatically.

"Trying a different tack, he asked carefully: "Did you know Mr. Underwood?"

She hesitated before replying, then, indifferently she said:



"Yes, I knew him at one time. He introduced me to my husband."

"Where was that?"

"In New Haven, Conn."

"Up at the college, eh? How long have you known Mr. Underwood?"

Annie looked at her inquirer and said nothing. She wondered what he was driving at, what importance the question had to the case. Finally she said:

"I met him once or twice up at New Haven, but I've never seen him since my marriage to Mr. Jeffries. My husband and he were not very good friends. That is—"

She stopped, realizing that she had made a mistake. How foolish she had been! The police, of course, were anxious to show that there was ill feeling between the two men. Her heart misgave her as she saw the look of satisfaction in the captain's face.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Not very good friends, eh? In fact, your husband didn't like him, did he?"

"He didn't like him well enough to run after him," she replied hesitatingly.

The captain now started off in another direction.

"Was your husband ever jealous of Underwood?"

By this time Annie had grown suspicious of every question. She was on her guard.

"Jealous? What do you mean? No, he was not jealous. There was never any reason. I refuse to answer any more questions."

The captain rose and began to pace the floor.

"There's one little thing more, Mrs. Jeffries, and then you can go. You can help your husband by helping us. I want to put one more question to you and be careful to answer truthfully. Did you call at these rooms last night to see Mr. Underwood?"

"I!" exclaimed Annie with mingled astonishment and indignation. "Of course not."

"Sure?" demanded the captain, eyeing her narrowly.

"Positive," said Annie firmly.

The captain looked puzzled.

"A woman called here last night to see him," he said thoughtfully, "and I thought that perhaps—"

Interrupting himself, he went quickly to the door of the apartment and called to some one who was waiting in the corridor outside. A boy about 18 years of age, in the livery of an elevator attendant, entered the room. The captain pointed to Annie.

"Is that the lady?"

The boy looked carefully, and then shook his head.

"Don't think so—no, sir. The other lady was a great swell."

"You're sure, eh?" said the captain.

"I think so," answered the boy.

"Do you remember the name she gave?"

"No, sir," replied the boy. "Ever since you asked me—"

Annie arose and moved toward the door. She had no time to waste there. Every moment now was precious. She must get legal assistance at once. Turning to Capt. Clinton, she said:

"If you've no further use for me, captain, I think I'll go."

"Just one moment, Mrs. Jeffries," he said.

The face of the elevator boy suddenly brightened up.

"That's it," he said eagerly. "That's it—Jeffries. I think that was the name she gave, sir."

"Who?" demanded the captain.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**To Be Agreeable.**

It requires tact and judgment, as we all know, to decide when it is best to talk and when to listen. In the presence of men and women of superior talents and accomplishments, or of wide experience of the world, we must be wary and not let our vanity run away with us. To such persons we may not be able to afford intellectual stimulus, and therefore it will be well to avoid giving our opinions at length, unless these are called for. With men and women of small talent and accomplishment we must also be on our guard, lest they find us chafic and wearisome. It is with our intellectual equals, or with persons of a generous disposition who like to draw out the talents of others, that we feel the greatest freedom and attain the happiest results.—Hagger's Razor.

**Why He Hurried.**

First Boy—Where yer goin' in such a rush?

Second Boy (on the run)—Fire alarm!

F. B.—Where?

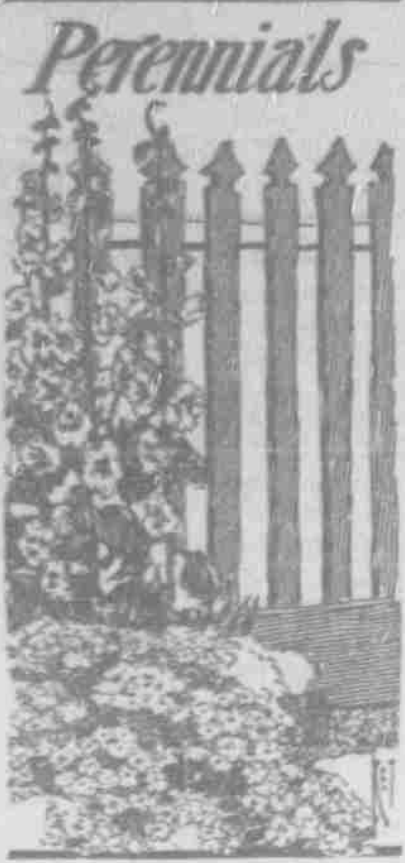
S. F.—Boss said he'd fire me if I wasn't back from his errand in ten minutes.

**Love's Recompense.**

I think there is no unreturned love; the pay is certain one way or another.—Walt Whitman.

## ONLOOKER

By WILHELM D. REPERT



Here they come a-sneaking out as green and clean and fair.

As though they never felt the frost in last November's air—

Sweet williams and the hollyhocks, forget-me-nots and all.

The sturdy sturdy flowers that have heard the waking call.

We find them where they always were—they smile right up at you.

With friendliest of welcomes in their quiet "How-do-yous."

So common and so hardy that we do not realize

The goodness and the gladness that they spread before our eyes.

We saw them wither in the fall, we saw them droop and fade.

We saw their petals make a sport of all the winds that played—

And yet they shoulder up today, each in its wonted place

With unassuming courage and with unconsidered grace.

We dig and rake and plant the seed for other timid blooms

That linger for their little while and shed their dim perfumes.

But these old garden commoners—they ask no special care;

They only claim what they may have of sun and rain and air.

And in their season bring their wealth of blossoms all demure—

They are the half unnoticed ones of whose faith we are sure.

Add there be folk—perennial folk—the kind that speak and smile

In friendly wise, and bring contentment with them all the while.

But sometimes we may turn aside, as for a rarer kind.

Because acquaintance makes us to the common virtues blind.

Yet when the fair exotics shrink and either into dust

We find the sturdy, common friends still giving us their trust.

**True to the Last.**

"I have tried to do my duty as I saw it," sighed the magazine editor, smiling wistfully as the nurse adjusted the pillow under his head.

"Don't exert yourself too much," begged the members of the staff who had gathered about him to say farewell.

"I will not. But before I pass on, I want to say that though my name shall be recorded in oblivion and things will go on much as they are now, in spite of my absence from this sphere of effort, I have at least been consistent in my direction of the magazine. I call you all solemnly to witness that never, never have I run a football story in the November number. Never did we have a football story in the grandstand and cheered her sweetheart until he could run 300 yards in spite of a broken leg, a dislocated shoulder and a lost ear, thereby winning the game and her true young heart."

With tears of confirmation the staff nodded.

"And," the dying editor went on, faintly, "I want my last words to be remembered. In spite of all temptation, I have steadily and steadfastly refused to print articles on the scientific side of baseball in the May number. I've printed Christmas poems and articles on woman suffrage and diaries of polar explorers, but, my friends, I go into the hereafter with my conscience clear on these two points, at least."

It was all over, and as the sorrowing staff left the room one of them took from his pocket the proofs of an article on "Long Distance Signaling in Baseball and the Ultimate Utility of the Aeroplane in the National Sport."

**Straightened History.**

"These," said the Roman matron, pointing to her jewels, "these are my children."

Basking their eyebrows, the committee on statistics stalked from the palace.

"With such an exhibit as this," muttered the chairman of the committee, "it seems to me that our arguments on race suicide will be well substantiated."

**Convenient.**

"Mr. Spuddagott," asks the bailiff, "can you appear as a witness tomorrow in the case of that man who is accused of stealing your umbrella?"

"Let me see," muses Mr. Spuddagott. "Yes, it will be convenient for me to be at the court house tomorrow, as I find that I have to go there anyhow to swear off my taxes."

*Hubert H. H. H.*

## THE BEST DRESSED MAN

What Made Him So?

He was a mass of bandages, the result of a severe scalding, and when he claimed to be "the best dressed man in town," people wondered. The explanation was easy. A prompt application of a Resinol ointment dressing to the raw flesh had given instant comfort and relief from the pain and suffering. It is the best dressing for burns, scalds, cuts, wounds, fets, carbuncles, and all skin abrasions. It promptly allays irritation and inflammation and stops itching instantly. Resinol ointment cures eczema, psoriasis, barber's itch, rash of poison ivy, herpes, scald head and all skin eruptions. Resinol ointment is free from any injurious ingredient. It's as good for baby as for the older members of the family. Resinol ointment is put up in opal jars; price fifty cents and a dollar. At all druggists. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

## HIS PROPERTY.



Old Man—Here, get out of that puddle at once!

Kid—Nix! You go an' find a mud puddle of your own!

**Made Father Beatir Himself.**

When Dorothy Meldrum was a little younger—she is but ten now—her father asked her on her return from Sunday school what the lesson of the day had been.

"Dandruft in the lion's den," was her answer.

Ever since Rev. Andrew B. Meldrum, D. D., has personally applied himself to the religious instruction of his little daughter.—Exchange.

**Hired!**

Employer—I want a boy who is absolutely trustworthy. Do you ever give business secrets away?

Applicant—Not much, boss! I sell 'em.—Judge.

**Frightful.**

"They say she looked daggers at him!"

"Worse than that. She looked long hapless."

**Lewis' Single Binder, extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars.**

Hardly anything can make such a fool of a man as side whiskers for him to be proud of.

**Libby's Evaporated Milk**

is the handiest thing in the pantry. It is pure and always ready to use.

There is no waste—use as much or as little as you need, and the rest keeps longer than fresh milk.

Gives fine results in all cooking

Tell your grocer to send Libby's Milk